

IV

*Sanyasiy in the village
vath*

Let my vows of Sanyasi
 go. I
 break my staff and my alnas-
 bowl.
 This stately ship, this world,
 which is
 crossing the sea of time,—let
 it take
 me up again, let me join once
 more
 the pilgrims. Oh the fool, who
 wanted
 to seek safety in swimming
 alone, and
 gave up the light of the sun
 and stars,
 to pick his way with his glow-
 worm's
 lamp ! The bird flies in the
 sky, not
 to fly away into the
 emptiness, but
 to come back again to this
 great
 earth.—I am free. I am free
 from
 the bodiless chain of the Nay.
 I am
 free among things, and forms
 and
 purpose The finite is the
 true in-
 finite, and love knows its
 truth. My